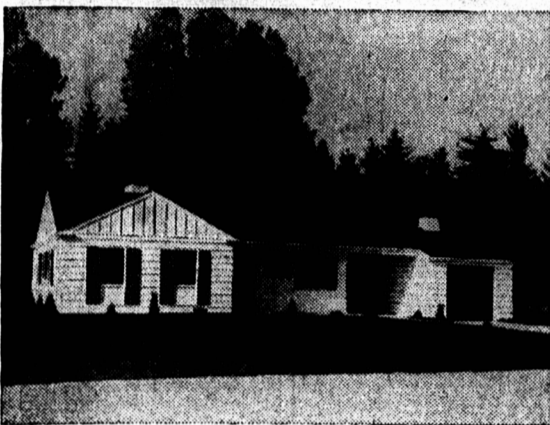


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JAVEX CANADA'S FAVORITE BLEACH! IN FOUR CONVENIENT SIZES AT YOUR GROCER

MUNUHY DIX SAYS—

Continued from page 2

teach him manners. Children are born imitators, anxious to please, and take readily to such instruction. They behave beautifully until they reach the teens. Then, no longer willing to ape their elders, they begin to go their own ways, reveling in independence, and completely forgetting early training. Boys tend to become boisterous (and so do many girls), but this is their defense against an awkward appearance, a too-apparent self-consciousness. When the changing voice and gangling limb have adjusted to normal, we again have the nice young person who is anxious to please.

Parents, too, should be forgiven if a sprouting sibling belies his careful upbringing. Life with a teen-ager is a constant struggle to correct and guide his behavior in one way or another. Youngsters at this age seem constitutionally unable to retain instruction, especially home instruction, for more than ten minutes. Consequently they must be continually reminded. Hence, if these perpetual admonitions don't cover every subject every day, allowances must be made.

A child who has careful training, in a happy home environment, is not going to forget his background. He may lapse—but never forget! He needs patience more than constant correction. Bystanders who hastily condemn all teen-agers for not remembering to address people politely, or for dashing in front of their elders to grab a seat on a bus, should remember their own youths. Surely all such critics were not Little Lord Fauntleroy through their teens. Remember, too, that these rough young people who irk you by their failure to say "please", will, in a few short years—or months—be fighting their country's battles. Don't begrudge them the few carefree days they have.

DEAR MISS DIX: I'm 15 years old and my problem is a father who won't let me go out nights. My boy friend has a part-time job after school, so I can only see him Saturdays and Sundays. He is getting very tired of the situation.

M. P.

ANSWER: Your problem is shared by most teen-aged girls, if that is any consolation to you. You have the advantage, however, that you are allowed to go out with boys, even though you object to the restrictions imposed. Your father is actually very liberal. Saturdays and Sundays are enough for dates. If your boy friend went out nights, when would he have a chance to do homework? You are both very young and should be grateful for conscientious parents.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: Do you know what the requirements are for joining one of the women's branches of the armed forces? I am 15, and it is my ambition to enter the service when I graduate from high school.

DMJIA

ANSWER: Get in touch with the Navy and Army recruiting offices nearest you, and get your information direct from them. Make up your mind what field you would like to specialize in, then you can schedule your high school work accordingly. Of course, you have a few years to go before you can join up, but it's nice to have a definite goal to work towards.

Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through this column.

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2
turn of events which was allowing all to linger enjoyably in the out of doors there. The team, wagon conveying the lengthy pieces of sawing from the mill moved briskly along the lane. Mack saw it with longing but remembering such rides were denied him, was content to return to his pastime. With that load, all the necessary lumber would now be assembled for the intended repairs at "that other barn." "That's all of it" granddaughter said, "and do you know? The cement is coming tomorrow!"

Tomorrow? That will come at the end of our dreams—ours commencing presently if at all, in the room above the kitchen, pillowed beside James. We shall enter its magic portal happily, walking along its cool summery paths... a girl in a cotton gown of shepherd's check, expecting to meet with some high, lovely adventure around a bend of way. Or shall it be as a gruff-haired woman, hand in hand with the small one—the two who so blithely heaped the barrow with fire-sticks this evening? With, of course, Jamie and Gage... and James, smiling and pointing out some treasure of our trail.

He is enjoying a lunch of oatmeal cookies and a glass of milk. Evidently with some concern over the consequences of late eating. "And you never have a fearful dream, Ellen?" he offers. "Never!" we agree, "because dreams are what you make them."
Until tomorrow — "Diary — Good-night"

Seven Days a Week

Continued from page 2
citing to miss. The sky is like a soft blue pearl and the air breathes of violets, daffodils and crocuses. Sandwiches and a steaming cup of tea or coffee make a good "pick-me-up"—after a few hours out-doors—Ever make nutted ham filling? It's filling, if you get what I mean! You combine the ingredients, stirring well. Here they are—One-third cup chunk-style peanut butter, one 2 1/4 oz. (or thereabouts) can devilled ham; 1-4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing; 3 tbsps. chopped dill pickle or mustard pickles. . . .

7. Sunday: Albert Einstein said: "I never think of the future. It comes soon enough," with which statement I heartily disagree—even tho it was Einstein who said it! To-day is a good day to think of the future and also to think of others, especially the older folks. Here is a quote, well worthy of consideration. "As having their own way is one of the greatest comforts of life to old people, I think their friends should endeavour to accommodate them in that, as well as in anything else. When they have lived in a house, it becomes natural to them; they are almost as closely connected with it as the tortoise with his shell; they die if you tear them out of it; old folks and old trees, if you remove them it's ten to one you will kill them. We are growing old fast ourselves and shall expect the same kind of indulgences; if we give them, we shall have a right to receive them in our turn!"

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
1. Bang
 2. Learning
 3. Footless
 4. Male adults
 5. Counting device
 6. Girl's name
 7. Was imbedded
 8. Active
 11. Beaks of birds
 13. Water (Fr.)
 15. Rough lava
 17. Greek letter
 18. Ruthenium (sym.)
 19. Great
 22. Salt (chem.)
 23. Astringent fruit
 26. Young horse
 29. Ostrich-like bird
 31. A step
 32. West Indies (abbr.)
 34. Greek island
 36. Barium (sym.)
 37. Furnishes food for supper
 40. Plant ovule
 42. Trumpet sound
 43. Extra
 44. Inland sw (Asia)
 45. Malt kiln
 46. Shout
 47. Three-spot card
 1. Of eggs (var.)



- DOWN
20. Spawn of fish
 21. Jewel
 23. Perform
 24. Larva of eye-thread-worm
 27. Freedom
 28. Barber
 30. Ailing
 31. Therefore
 32. Network
 33. Kind of tooth filling
 35. Part of "to be"
 38. Venture
 39. Verbal
 40. Mast
 41. Comfort
 43. Habitual drunkard

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
A X Y Z L B A A X E
L O N G F E L L O W

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation
"S X X C E W G X F F J E P G P F C B U M B U D K.
D F W K V J W J E P C B U D W N C B U D K—
G P K F P V.

Saturday's Cryptogram: HARSH TOWARDS HERSELF, TOWARDS OTHERS FULL OF RUTH—ROSBETT!

Two Can Sing

by James M. Cain

CHAPTER THIRTEEN
Part One

Down on the stage, the boss was doubling for me. He carried the Gilda in, put her on a rock, then picked up a cape, turned around and did my part. They gave him an ovation. After Parma had taken Schultz out, and they had all taken there alone, and the audience stood up and gave him a rising vote, in silence, before they started to clap. His name was Woods. Remember it, Woods; the man that had what it takes. But "Rigoletto" didn't know anything about that, yet.

Back in 1921, when Dempsey fought Carpentier in Jersey, some newspaper hired a lady novelist to do a piece on it. She decided that what she wanted to write up was the loser's dressing-room after it was all over. She had been reading all her life about the winner, and thought she would like to know for once what happened to the loser. She found out. What happened to him was nothing. Carpentier was there, and a couple of rubbers were there, working on him, and his manager was there, and that was all. Nobody came in to tell him he had put up a good fight, or that it was a hell of a wallop he hit Dempsey in the second round, or even to borrow a quarter.

That's how it was with me. There were no autograph hunters that night. I got quiet after a while, and the noise outside died away, and I lit a cigarette, and sat there. After a long time there was a tap on the door. I never moved. It came again and still again, and then I heard my first name called. It sounded like Doris, and I went to the door and opened it. She was there, in a little green suit, and a brown felt hat, and brown shoes. She came in without looking at me.

"What happened?"
"Weren't you there?" I said.
Doris looked at me then.
"I had to take the children home after the second act . . . I heard some people talking on my way back here."
I remembered Lorents, and his real crime at the Cathedral Theater that day. I was glad there was one person in the world that hadn't seen it. Three, because that meant she had taken the kids out before it happened.
"I got the bird," I told her.
"Damn them."
I began to pull off the whiskers. She came over and did it for me.

P. W. C. Second Year Students



DIVISION II B

Front Row (left to right): Dorothy Simmonds; Miriam Strong; Margaret Williams; Wilma Wood; Vera Newson; Isabel Woolner; Noreen MacDonald; Alfreda O'Brien; Helen Wright; Hal dine Williams
Middle Row: Daisy Tawee; Noreen MacPherson; Phyllis MacLeod; Norma Jean MacLeod; June Semple; Betty Underhay; Mary Simpson; Ethel Graham; Lutie Campbell; Joyce Stewart; Barbara Matheson; Joan MacKinnon; Elizabeth Smith; Norma Gallant.
Back Row: Patt MacPherson; Lloyd Seaman; Louis Paoli; Dunstan MacDonald; Ivan Munny Norris Mizuno; Merivyn Scott.

She got the towel and wiped off the make-up. She wiped clean, and patted, and frowned, like it was serious business and said, "Hold still," and I loved it.
"Now you'll do. Stay where you are. I'll put on your shoes."
I guess I don't have to tell you Doris had never put any shoes on for me before. I sat there, and she put them on and tied them, and helped me on with my coat. But I still didn't know why she had come. I had never seen her like this, but it wasn't any consolation scene, I could see that, and there was nothing in what had happened that explained it. If she hadn't been there when I flopped, what had she come back to the theater for, anyway? She helped me on with my topcoat, gave my arm a little squeeze, and we went out.

In the cab on the way up to my hotel I kept thinking there was something I had forgotten, something I had intended to do. Then I remembered I was to sign the contracts. I sat back and watched the el posts go back. That was one thing I didn't have to worry about. When we got into the lobby, I could see something glaring at me from a chair near the elevators, and I didn't tumble at first to what it was. There had been so many glares coming my way lately that one more didn't make much impression. But then I came out of the fog. It was Craig, my partner, whom I hadn't seen since we built the gag chicken coop up in Connecticut, and he had dug in at his place upstate. I blinked, and looked at Doris, and thought maybe that was why she had come around, or anyway had something to do with it. But she seemed as surprised as I was. He still sat there, glaring at us, and then he got up and came over. He didn't shake hands. He started in high, and he was plenty sore. "Where've you been?"
"Why—right here."
"And why here? What's the idea of hiding out in this dump? I've been looking for you all night, and it was just by accident that I found you. Just by accident."
Doris cut in, meeker than I ever heard her. "Why—one of the children was threatened with measles and Leonard came down here so he wouldn't be quarantined."
"Couldn't he let somebody know?"
"He—it was only to be for a few days."
That seemed to cool him off a little, and I tried to be friendly.

"When did you get to town? I thought you were up there milking cows."
"Never mind when I got to town, and never mind the cows. And cut the comedy. Get this. You've got just forty minutes to make a train, and pay attention to what I'm telling you."
"Shoot."
To be continued

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